













A striped shark, taken off the coast of North Carolina, was brought over from yesterday. His tail was just the length of his body combined and seems to be his weapon of defence. The extreme length is nine feet. He ventured too near the shore and was grasped the tail by two men and dragged ashore.

**A Georgia Watermelon in January.**  
[Sylvania Telephone.]

George W. Waters brought to our office on day last the half of a fifteen pound watermelon which was in a good state of preservation. It is the first time we have ever eaten melon on Year's day.







**BRIC-A-BRAC.**

**A Winter's Day.**

[Anon.]

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;  
Some only break their ice and so away;  
Others stay dinner and depart full-fed;  
The deepest age but stuns and goes to bed;

**An Old, Old Question.**  
[Harper's Magazine.]

And, looking back, said, as the old way,  
"I'm glad I loved me dearly," he heard,  
"I'm glad and kindred, waiting for its clay,  
"I'm glad I loved me dearly," he heard,  
"My life had been much happier," it said,  
"Why only at the point of death shows it  
Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?"

**Didn't Resign Soon Enough.**

The life of the Nevada police official is not always a happy one, as the following letter of resignation will show: "We step down and out with a feeling of relief. We are a few gramin heavier than when we came in. We have been able to bring the peace of this neighborhood, having during the past year, been able to keep the peace of this neighborhood. Weyrn's bull might be termed lead poisoning, but it is a constant reminder to us that life is not all roses. Since we have been constable of this town our recollection of the past has been less than what it cost us to get partially cured of our bullet wound.

**Unhappy Ease.**

The pillow of sheer na to man a rack may be; A real woe though small may cure much misery.

Must needs be distinctly seen in dream, night after night,  
That now what never came is ready to alight.  
How happy would a thief—a fire—have made him  
then!  
He would have slept, each night, the most composed  
of men.

Swearing is, of course, a silly, senseless and pernicious habit; the same may be said of smoking—with which, indeed, swearing was often alliteratively bracketed—and snuff-taking. At the same time, it is not true that the habit of being wholly superseded. The truth is that upon the subject the truth may be spoken—the expletive which begins with the fourth letter of the alphabet is a conspicuous form of expression, for which no substitute can be found. It comprises a complete group of emotions and sensations, and is the limits of a single syllable. It is very strong, but very convenient. It is an idiotic expedient for

Man's	Seeks
Back	Courts
Across	Lawyer
Track,	Weeps
Engine	Jury
Roars,	Sleeps.
Man	Judge
Snore,	Charges
Engine	Heavy

Squashed,  
Widow  
Snorts,

Hollers  
"5000  
\$ !"

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**Ye Umbrelle and ye Manne.**  
(Exchange.)  
Ye carefulle manne be taketh ye umbrelle w

These dayes and it dooth not rayne. The seconde  
 day he also taketh it and neither doth it rayne or  
 snowe. Then he becometh wearye of totinge ye  
 umbrille about soe manye dayes for naught, and  
 on ye thyrde daye he leaveth it at home. Then  
 surelye after he getteth down town ye raynes de-  
 scende and he wandereth aboute wette to ye

notte ye umbrelle, but it doth not rayne at alle.  
 Soe he leaveth it in ye corner of ye strange office  
 he has visited, and ye nexte manne who comes  
 perceiveng ye umbrelle lonely and forsaken  
 taketh it.

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**A Luckless Sophmore.**

She loved me then and told me so,  
As, lingering by the lattice gate,  
She pressed my arm and bade me wait.  
She can't forget it all, I know,  
We spoke in whispers, sweet and low;  
I begged a kiss, and then, although  
She sighed, and seemed to hesitate

"Tis strange that love so cold can grow,  
That Time can deal so keen a blow.  
Her love, alas! is turned to hate.  
Perhaps, I held the hand of Fate,  
well: I can't forget—heigh ho!  
I held her hand.

T. W.

Everything has its ups and downs. Coasting is no exception to the rule, as every one knows who has ever tried it. It is an exhilarating sport—so exhilarating, in fact, that some people get all the fun they want out of it by just thinking of it. It

good deal more to slide down a long, steep hill, which is all "a glare of ice." And it is more than a good deal more if you have a handsome girl along with you. It gives tone to the ozone, makes the ice still "slicker," gives an all-pervading atmosphere that warms a fellow all the way through, making his heart go

like the glad reality of one's wildest, happiest dreams. One, two, three! One kick! Off we go! Scoot! How the wind flies by! Her head is so close! Faster and still faster we go—how hard she leans back—oh, that she would always do so! What a mad, free dash! Would that the hill would last forever! What a chance for electric

crash—whirl—r—one smothered scream—over  
 we go—her arms 'round my neck—  
 strangling to death—head first—into the  
 snow! Whew! Wasn't it fun, though? If you  
 doubt it, just take a "header" into a snowbank  
 with your best girl choking your life out, and see  
 if it isn't a sensation worth climbing a hill five

out of the work she'll scold you for getting snow up her left sleeve. Then you will gallantly pull her and the sled up hill—simply for the sake of getting up her right sleeve—for what man of honor would willing rest for a minute under the imputation of showing partiality for either sleeve of a lady's dress so long as each sleeve contained an

**The Young Widow,**  
[Anon.]  
She is cunning, sometimes witty,

Not too young, and not too old;  
Half-inviting, half-repellant;  
Now advancing, and now shy;  
There is mischief in her laughter,  
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,  
She is schooled in every art:

As the mistress of her heart.  
She can tell the very moment  
When to sigh and when to smile.  
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,  
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? oh! then how serious  
Will her pretty face become!  
Are you angry? she is wretched.

Are you mirthful? how her laughter  
Silver-sounding, will ring out!  
She can lure, and catch, and play you,  
As an angel does a trout!

Ah! "old fossils," nearly fifty,  
Who are plodding, deep and wise;  
Ye "Adonises," of twenty,  
Give the dear Bachelors a prize!

Taught by Cupid since the fall;  
But I know a little widow  
Who can win at d fool you all!

**The Coquette's Secret.**  
[Chicago Tribune.]  
"Give me the ring."

the sunlight beating in warm, golden waves about her slight form, and at her right, his hand outstretched in eager expectancy, while a half-imperious, half pleading look shot out from his big brown eyes, was Marmaduke Short. The girl had been nearly thirty seconds with-

soft waves of hair, the fathomless eyes and the calm, sweet mouth. It was not a youthful face; the bloom and flush had faded long ago, but it was so grand and womanly, there was such an in-know-how-to-do-up-my-hair look upon it, that in comparison mere girlish prettiness lost immeasurably. At this moment, Fanny Perkins entered the

her shoulders and her yellow hair fell about her like a cloud. Throwing a kiss to Lurline, whose silence she did not understand, Pansy flitted away to the piano at the other end of the room and began to lower rents in the vicinity. Lurline listened intently, and finally she spoke:

"You really wish to break our engagement."

"And you will marry Pansy?"  
Again the head was bowed and the dimpled chin hit his shirt front.

"I mean," she says, her every word falling upon his tinted ear as fall the earth clouds upon a coffin, "that in addition to playing the piano she sometimes sings."







